



Surprise, Surprise



👁 79 ✓ 10 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Eloise

It was the last normal day of my life. I remember laughing at the TV screen, swigging my Coke and glancing over at Mary, to see if she was laughing too. But she wasn't - she couldn't, she had a knife to her throat and whoever was holding it had covered their head with a sack...

And the china vase broke as Mary let out a bloodcurdling scream. All was quiet. I heard a faint 'chop'. The next thing I knew, there was a head on my couch. Mary's head. The bloody knife lay next to it, and Mary's body was in the process of being dragged away by the suspicious murderer that I didn't want to chase after at all, for fear of ending the same way as Mary...

So you can imagine I was surprised when Mary knocked on my door the following morning, purse in her hand, asking if I wanted to go shopping for shoes...

Chapter 2 by Eloise



I hadn't slept well the previous night - my best friend had just been murdered and I was the only witness, for crying out loud! I didn't know who to tell, for fear of an uproar. But my muddling thoughts eventually worried me to sleep.

I woke up that morning in a good mood, until I remembered the night before. I burst into tears and cried for hours before getting up, putting on my dressing gown and walking into the sitting room, only to stop dead at the sight of Mary's body lying on the floor, blood seeping out from under her. The knife lying next to it like a warning sign.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I didn't want to eat anything, or go anywhere near the living room again. I didn't want to touch her head or the knife. I knew I should call the police, but something was stopping me. Even now I don't know what it is that stopped me, but it was an unwise decision.

Okay, onto the mystery. I had taken to staring blankly at the wall, my eyes burning with more tears as memories of Mary flashed past my eyes. When there was a knock on the door.

You know the drill - Mary, yes, the Mary who was murdered gruesomely, was there, she asked me if I wanted to go shopping, bla bla bla. Her head was there, and it looked as sturdy as ever.

I looked at the couch. The head was gone. So was the knife. But there was a slight bloodstain on the mattress. I looked back at the door. Mary was no longer there...

Chapter 3 by Hamish Ablett



Adrenaline kicked in and my heart rate increased. It was an odd feeling, seeing your best friend get slaughtered, reappear as if nothing had happened and then to simply vanish, again. I didn't like it.

I looked outside my front door. Maybe Mary was just playing a big practical joke on me.

"Mary??" I called out, to no answer. I went back inside and checked the room where she had been killed, again.

The bloody mattress was still there, red as the time her head had fallen on it.

I pulled out my phone, and dialed Mary's mobile number - I knew it off by heart. No answer; not sure what I expected.

I broke into tears again, and fell into a heap on the couch. I couldn't help imagining her head sitting there, dripping wet with blood.

Before calling the police, there was one more thing I needed to do.

I got in my car and took the 15 min drive home. My car wasn't in the driveway, and strenuous knocking didn't result in anything. I sat on my front porch, defeated. I took time looking around, reminiscing.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Glancing to the right, my eyes fell upon a package that must of had recently been delivered. I shuddered as I read the date. It was the same date as her death. Cautiously, I undid the packaging and opened the last flap.

I opened it slowly, I'm not sure why.

I screamed and howled as the contents of the box had become known to me. Blood was seeping through it, forming a red puddle on the ground.

Her head. Mary's head. It was in the box.

Chapter 4 by Elden



It whispered "Why?" and I screamed my lungs out.

"What did I do to deserve this?" I thought as I sobbed, running through the streets, watching everyone having their happy, normal lives. More importantly, why did the murderer do this?

The thought crossed my mind,
but it was as if an invisible force pulled it away from me.

It was the force that stopped me from considering all this weirdness in the first place.

It was the force that wouldn't let me call the police.

It was the force that made the murderer, well murder Mary.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account